

THE STUDY CHRONICLE.



MIDSUMMER 1949



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The Study

The Study

SEAFORTH AVENUE, MONTREAL



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Sub-Head Jill Crossen

Games Captain Joanna McLeod

Prefects

Jill Crossen

Prudence Lobley

Mary Anne Currie

Sally McDougall

MIDSUMMER, NINETEEN FORTY-NINE



SIXTH FORM

Back Row (left to right) : — Mary Horne, Claire Fitzgerald, Shirley Wales, Margaret Notman, Adrienne Brown, Nancy Ridout.
Seated : — Prudence Lobley, Mary Anne Currie, Frances Morris, Jill Crossen, Sally McDougall.
Front Row : — Joanna McLeod, Grace Raymond. — (Absent) Virginia Frosst, Lucy Hodgson.

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McGill University and Radcliffe College

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in History, Ontario College of Education.

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McGill University.

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Toronto Conservatory of Music.

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British Columbia Teachers' Certificate.

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Higher Certificate, National Froebel Union.

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Brevet Supérieur, l'Université de Lille.

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Dalhousie University.

MISS D. E. MOORE *Drill & Games*
McGill School of Physical Education.

MISS IRENE MURCHISON *Lower B*
Teachers' Certificate A, National Froebel Foundation.

MISS ETHEL SEATH *Art*
Member of the Canadian Group of Painters.

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Acadia University.

MISS F. M. WALLACE, B.Sc., M.A. *Science*
Radcliffe College.

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Assistant Editor

MARY ANNE CURRIE

Photography

MARGARET NOTMAN

Assistants

JILL CROSSEN

SALLY McDOUGALL

. . . EDITORIAL . . .

A school magazine is regarded as a treasure which is kept sacredly by its graduates to be read and thumbed through every now and again. It is not like any other circular which may be carelessly glanced through once and discarded. The articles it contains are a souvenir and memory of our school-days, days of basket-ball games and exams, and lasting friendships acquired during those years.

What is friendship? Words cannot express its meaning, but it is an experience which everyone seeks and cherishes. In school a child makes her first contacts. She is constantly meeting new children of her own age, and learning the art of giving and taking, which results in a secure and united world. After graduation the girls keep in contact with each other and meet occasionally to reminisce about the "good old school days".

When the memory of our school days is but a nebulous picture of the many years spent within its walls, we will still remember with pride the privileges we enjoyed, the kindly guidance we received, the friendly spirit of the class-rooms — everything, in fact which goes to make up our alma mater.

THE SCHOOL BAZAAR

The Alexandria Hospital has a movie-projector and a number of overbed tables. Saturday is now a day to be looked forward to by all the young T.B. patients in the ward because movies are shown. Perhaps, to you, this is no excitement, but most of those children have never before seen a movie and it brightens the monotony of long days in bed. This is the result of our annual bazaar, and who wouldn't feel their effort was worth while for this?

Every article was well made and, even though a good deal of worrying about the quantity of work preceded the sale, the tables were well covered when the sale began and quickly cleared. The 1948 school bazaar was a success!

UPPER SCHOOL ROLL CALL

BETA LAMBDA

Pat Burns
(*head*)
Frances Morris
(*sub-head*)
Frances Morris
(*games captain*)
Ann Adair
Beverly Brunner
Anne Cadman
Betty Cadman
Tish Dawes
Claire Fitzgerald
Virginia Govier
Daphne Louson
Anne Lucas
Susan Marler
Elena Mather
Brydon McCarthy
Antonia Mitchell
Cynthia Molson
Lynette Peake
Mikely Quedrue
Gertrude Rooney
Janet Savage
Patricia Southam
Zoë Southam
Pamela Stewart
Hilary Thomas
Judy Thomas
Valerie Truman
Sandra Wallis
Sandra Warner

DELTA BETA

Mary Anne Currie
(*head*)
Prudence Lobley
(*sub-head*)
Efa Heward
(*games captain*)
Jane Aitken
Mary Bogert
Sally Bradeen

Maria Cerny
Virginia Frosst
Diana Gaherty
Lyn Geddes
Diana Hamilton
Faith Heward
Joan Kimber
Judith Lennon
Jill McConnell
Lynda Melling
Judy Ogilvie
Margaret Ogilvie
Sandrea Ogilvie
Barbara Plow
Grace Raymond
Pheobe Redpath
Grace Richardson
Martha Richardson
Margaret Robertson
Helga von Eicken
Diana Wright

KAPPA RHO

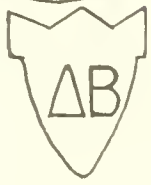
Sally McDougall
(*head*)
Shirley Wales
(*sub-head*)
Gerda Thomas
(*games captain*)
Barbara Brown
Barbara Bruce
Jean Burgess
Angela Cassils
Kathleen Cousins
Susan Cushing
Gail Gnaedinger
Anna Guthrie
Anne Hayes
Lucy Hodgson
Dorothy Johnson
Juliana deKuyper
Roberta Lohse
Beverly Mellen
Annabel Mitchell

Martha Murray
Penny Pasmore
Camilla Porteous
Ann Powell
Sylvia Randall
Susan Starkey
Mary Stavert
Stephanie Stern
Linda Wilson
Joyce Blond

MU GAMMA

Margaret Notman
(*head*)
Jill Crossen
(*sub-head*)
Joanna McLeod
(*game's captain*)
Anne Ballantyne
Susan Blaylock
Fiona Bogert
Adrienne Brown
Gayle Calder
Joan Cumine
Diana Daniels
Judy Darling
Joan Evans
Jocelyn Gordon
Elizabeth Hague
Diana Harrison
Beverley Hastings
Mary Horne
Connie L'Anglais
Judy Mather
Judy McGreevy
Dorothy McIntosh
Sally Parsons
Nancy Ridout
Angela Rose
Jennifer Rose
Jane Townsend
Elizabeth Vale
Sheila White

HOUSE NOTES



THE STUDY SCHOOL CIRCUS

Hurry ! hurry ! hurry ! Step right up and take your seats. Come and see our three ring circus, the greatest in the world !

The lights are dimmed and the music starts. The spot-light is thrown on ring number one. Never has there been such an exhibition of skill. Notman, keeping twenty-eight blue and white balls spinning, is a spectacle which catches the audience's attention. Two of these balls have known victory on the tennis courts under the inspiration of Wallace and Bricker.

Suddenly the audience is attracted by the green and white rays of the spot-lights as they focus on the trapeze high in the air. At first Miss Burns ably swings from bar to bar, but then a catastrophe, she is falling. Will the accurate calculations of Indge and MacDonald save her ?

We are now attracted to the far ring where Sally the slippery seal is seen in her green and yellow ruffle. Methodically she blows her horn to complete her scale of twenty-eight with a spectacular performance. Under the encouragement of Harbert and Marshall she takes her place carrying with her the basket-ball honours.

The show is not over yet for there is Currie cranking up the old blue and yellow jalopy as it starts with a jerk. At the steering wheel is Moore. Suddenly it stops and against the strong will of Madame twenty-seven clowns crowd out.

It has been a great show and everyone has played her part with enthusiasm.

A WONDERFUL MOMENT

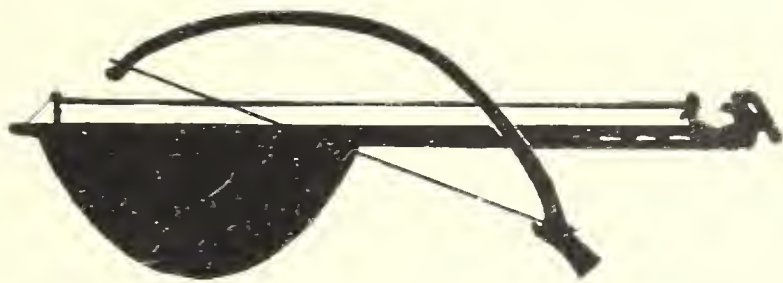
One day, when I was walking
The thud of hooves rang clear,
And fifty horses came in sight
As fast as running deer.

They thundered past at such a rate
That I could only see
The flash of hooves, the flowing manes,
Going fast as fast can be.

As I watched them racing past
They stopped not once to rest,
And love was in my heart and soul
As they went on abreast.

Suddenly they all were gone,
And though my heart did yearn,
And though I wished both day and night,
They never did return.

ELENA MATHER,
Upper III, Age 11.



“WITHOUT MUSIC LIFE WOULD BE A MISTAKE”

Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche

Why did the primitive croon lullabys to her squalling infant? Why did Spanish caballeros serenade their lovely ladies “beneath the garden wall?” Why do the Study girls with the apprehensive faces, dash into the hall and take their places with attentive silence? Why? Because “without music, life would be a mistake.”

Life in school without music would indeed be dull. How delightful it is to write French while the lovely strains of “The Bells of Aberdovey” drift through the floor! Miss Harbert has difficulty in keeping the “course of the winds straight” when minds want to wander with Schubert and the Third Forms. The Altos and Sopranos of the Fourths softly singing “Sweet and Low” have a drowning effect on Miss Hancox’s Scripture class. The Upper School wonder what effect Gluck’s “Orpheus and Eurydice” and Sir George Dyson’s “Fairy Song” have on the rest of the school. Now however the Upper School knows the results of “Aubade” and Hoffman’s “Barcarolle”. An epidemic of Gilbert and Sullivan has swept through the school of which various songs from the “Mikado” have been favourites.

At Christmas time, School Parents heard their future Risa Stevens singing in class. The daring Thirds sang a new Czech carol “To Bethlehem I’ll Go” along with the famous Sussex Carol and others. The conservative Fourths stuck to old favourites such as “Here We Come A Wassailing”, “What Childe is This?” and “The Holly and the Ivy.” The thoughtful Upper School did not forget the famous composers when they sang Bach’s “Flocks in Pastures Green Abiding”, and the ever popular “God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen.” A modern touch was added to the program by Peter Warlock’s “The Bird.”

No change has taken place around the school on Thursday afternoons. Miss Harvey still reads, writes and talks to the tunes of “Sweet Nellie” and “The Oyle of Barley.” The ardent students staying to the beloved Study Period still chant theorems to the “Minuet” and the “Gavot”. Oh! Those renowned Study Pipers!

Music has even crept into the sacred lunch hour, Miss MacDonald, Miss Bricker, and Miss Blanchard fight fierce battles over Tuesday lunch hour. Geometry, Debating or Advanced Piping, which of these will produce competent and refined young ladies? “The Soup and Samich Singers” of the Study School. Tentatively tune the raucous voices at noon on Thursdays.

The Sixth now look back on their years of singing and wish that they could deliver their songs with the fineness that the Lower School gave to "Oh Dear What Can the Matter Be?" They look back with compunction on the years when they thought singing a bore — the years when they considered the Singing Class a period given expressly for the purpose of exchanging gossip about the "week-ends" and "the latest". Those days are all over — only memories will remain. We wonder how many tears will over-flow into frilly white handkerchiefs when we hear for the last time:

"God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

PRUDENCE LOBLEY,
MARY ANNE CURRIE.



DEBATING NOTES

This year the debates started later than usual with Miss Bricker taking over the leadership of the club. Once more we decided to follow parliamentary procedure, and Margaret Notman was elected Prime Minister; Shirley Wales became the Leader of the Opposition, and Gerda Thomas was the Speaker.

Courageously we started out with the bill, "Entrance into College should be made harder." After a long and fierce battle, (of words) the Bill was finally passed, even though most of the present debaters are trying to enter college. This was the only debate before Christmas as the exams soon intervened.

During the Easter term we have held two debates. The first one was "Should the Klu Klux Klan be Outlawed?" Unfortunately, after a very confusing debate, the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition suddenly realized that they both were arguing on the same point, and so the debate came to an abrupt end.

We had more success with the next debate and Sally McDougall was on the government side. Claire Fitzgerald took the place of the Leader of the Opposition. This debate was on the Socialization of Medicine and it developed into a very heated discussion between Sally and Claire. The debate was adjourned as the principal speakers had to leave for a Maths lesson and it has not yet been settled !

We have enjoyed debating this year, and we hope that the Debating Club will carry on with as much success next year.

GERDA THOMAS,
MARGARET NOTMAN.



A great deal of interesting work has been done by pupils both old and young, during the past year in Miss Seath's art-room, under her inspiring direction. The work of the younger children is largely imaginative and free. Through the medium of poster paints, much delightful and attractive work results.

Great interest was aroused this year among pupils in the Middle and Upper Schools, with the "Our Community" competition, in which each partaking student gave an interpretation of life around her. There has been much enthusiasm in clay modelling and in making scenery for various School plays. In the former field most interesting work was done in the building of the Christmas Creche — Sixth Formers made it essentially a Canadian Creche.

There has been a large class this year working towards their McGill¹ Certificate in Art, and hoping to maintain the high standard of previous years. A great deal of still-life in water-colour and charcoal work has been done. Aside from this, at the request of Mrs. Harold Savage, Miss Seath and senior students have undertaken the painting of animal murals for the clinic of the Foster Home Centre on Dorchester Street. Miss Seath and several girls have gone down to the Clinic one day each week.

Shirley Wales and Mary Anne Currie have shown a great deal of enthusiasm in their art this year, and have gone on a number of sketching trips which produced work of definite merit. Next year Shirley hopes to continue studying art. Speaking of those who intend to continue, Jill Crossen after part-time study at the Art Gallery this year, will be working at the Boston Museum Art School next year.

All in all, I think the pupils concerned will agree that this has been a highly successful and enjoyable year.

MARY HORNE,

Form VI.



HISTORY OF ART

I have often wondered how many Studyites realize that Miss Seath instructs a History of Art class for members of the Sixth Form. I am sure that it is the hope of every girl to one day visit the great Art Centres of the world. With a good idea of how art has developed through the ages and which painter painted what picture one can derive much added enjoyment from such a trip.

Miss Seath's course in History of Art includes the study of ancient Egyptian, Greek and Roman art also Masters of Italian, Dutch, Spanish and French schools. It concludes with the modern art of Canada, The United States and various European countries. Each girl keeps her own reference book and collects prints.

An education would not be complete without some study of the Fine Arts. It is my fervent hope that starting next year more girls from the Sixth will seek and find great pleasure from this course. I can assure you that it is a most fascinating subject.

JILL CROSSEN,
Form VI.



SKATING PARTY

In loving memory of a dear Sixth Form who peacefully passed away on the evening of February 17, after a rather strenuous afternoon of merriment. It had been a skating party that had brought this dreadful end. The gaiety they had enjoyed and the extreme exercises they had endured in order to make the party a success was the cause of this disaster.

Yours Truly,



SKI TEAM

Left to Right — Shirley Wales, Mary Anne Currie, Jill McConnell, Margaret Notman
 Captain, Beverley Mellen, Efa Heward.

DRAMATIC NOTES

RJ

This Christmas the Lower School gave us some fine entertainment with an amusing group of plays. Lower B put on some skits about "Cats and Mice", and we all enjoyed the play presented by Upper B called "The Forgetful Fir Tree". As some of the actresses were absent in Lower and Upper A, we were not able to see their plays, but we heard that they were very well done. Upper A's play was made up by the class from a Norwegian story, "The White Bear". Lower A ably presented a play called "The Wise Men of Gotham".

Also on the Christmas Programme were two plays put on by the Lower Fifths. The play "Catherine Parr" was excellently done, with Joan Evans portraying Catherine, and Diana Harrison playing Henry VIII with convincing ease. It is an amusing play, and was very well acted.

Their other play "Tickless Time" was also very entertaining. It presented the unusual idea of doing away with clocks and living only by sun-time. Jane Aitken and Pamela Stewart took the leading roles as John and Eliza, a young married couple. They were ably supported by Susan Marler as Annie, their cook, who, unfortunately, objected to living by sun-time !

As Miss Hancox was ill during the greater part of the Easter Term, unfortunately no more plays were produced, but now that she has recovered, we have great hopes for more plays next Term. Also there is the customary play from Upper Third that has yet to be seen.

Many thanks as usual are due to Miss Seath who is always very helpful in making the scenery and planning the costumes.

These plays will bring to a close the year's dramatics, but we are looking forward to next Christmas when once again the curtain will rise upon another school play.

GERDA THOMAS,
SANDREA OGILVIE.

SPORTS



"Who is going to take the ball? Will somebody take the ball?" No doubt one of those basketball enthusiasts of the Upper Fourths will. The unfailing spirit of the lower classes never left them although the second basketball team did not have a very successful year due to injuries. With grim determination and school spirit the more dignified First Team managed to complete a second year of undefeated basketball.

Both basketball teams owe a vote of thanks to Miss Moore who must have practically given up every hope of those "husky" Study basketball players. Injuries were so numerous that even the captains, Joanna McLeod and Pat Burns, were replaced by Mary Anne Currie and Virginia Govier. Perhaps next year Miss Moore will have a team that does not throw itself quite so violently into the game.

Again this year we played those champion Westmount High girls and received a defeat. The Old Girls do not seem to have suffered from the increasing years. The game provided tense competition and a close final score of 16 to 15 for the School.

Whereas there are hordes of basketball players in the Fourths and Lower Fifths the snow conditions must have discouraged them for a Junior ski team was unavailable. However neither rain, wind, nor warm weather could stop those Senior skiers. Margaret Notman carried the Study colours to the top coming second in the combined, with Mary Anne Currie supporting her closely in fourth place and Beverly Mellen in sixth.

The tennis enthusiasts were also out in full force. Two teams consisting of Joanna McLeod and Efa Heward, Mary Anne Currie and Nancy Ridout entered the inter-scholastic doubles.

Whereas Kapp Rho triumphantly carried off the basketball honours, Mu Gamma succeeded in capturing the tennis doubles. Who knows, may be Beta Lambda and Delta Beta will place in the Swimming Meet and on Sports Day !



FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to Right : Efa Heward, Gerda Thomas, Gayle Calder, Sally McDougall, Mary Anne Currie, Joanna McLeod.



SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row : — Nancy Ridout, Mary Stavert, Dorothy Johnson, Pat Burns, Diana Harrison, Virginia Govier.
Front Row : — (Subs) Joan Kimber, Frances Morris, Faith Heward, Judy Thomas, Cynthia Molson.

AN ANNIVERSARY

On the first mild day of the year I celebrate the arrival of Spring. Spring never comes at the same time for she wants to make the world anticipate her arrival. Yes, Spring loves to make a real entrance, and she likes her appearance to be remembered for the rest of the year, and so she really appreciates it if people celebrate her coming. Thus I always join the birds and the rest of nature and take a holiday.

To celebrate, I go for a walk. I put on my rain coat and my rubber boots and tie a bright scarf about my head, and with a book in my hand I leave my "everlasting personal identity" at home, and stroll across the mountain, down past the Shrine, and out along the road to Belmont Park. How different it looks each year, how changed, for in twelve months man builds many new buildings and erects countless billboards. On this day, however, all the blissful characters on these billboards seem even happier than usual, using a certain soap, enjoying a delicious cereal or smoking the mildest cigarette.

There is a little road, or rather a path, just by one of these signs, which turns off the main highway to the right and wanders through a clump of trees past a small clearance and up a hill. And as I climb the world grows smaller, till at the top it seems as if I am looking down at a moving picture, that of the world getting rid of its winter cares. It is here that I spend the afternoon, sitting on an overturned wagon. Last year I read Shelley's *Arethusa*, while I watched two streams chasing themselves through the snow.

I wander slowly home. The sun is still out but the water is just beginning to freeze in the streets. It is after five and I stand and watch the people coming back from work, and as I stand there I hear one man say to his friend, "It is my wife's and my anniversary today, we are celebrating our sixth". I smile, I am celebrating too, but a much older event, for the time when spring came first was when the world was created.

SHIRLEY WALES,
Form VI.



LITTLE BIRD

We have a little singing bird,
He hops from bar to bar,
And his sweet song is often heard,
Shrill, and clear and far.

He flutters round his cage at night,
And jumps up on his swing,
And when we quickly turn out the light
His head goes under his wing.

JULIANA DEKUYPER,
Lower III, Age 10.

THE HUTCHISON ESSAY PRIZE

The History of an Old House

There stands not far from Montreal a very old house with what I consider to be a rather interesting history. The name of the house is now Blairvocky and it overlooks the Lake of Two Mountains. Blairvocky is quite pretty but especially so in the autumn when the colouring is at its peak after the first frosts. A mile away from Blairvocky towards Montreal is a typical little French-Canadian village by the name of Ste. Placide.

Blairvocky was built at the time of the rebellion of 1837 and therefore is over a century old. The stone masonry on it is a wonder to behold and I believe that the thick old walls, if undisturbed, would stand for many, many years. There is even the traditional ghost in this abode — an idea without which no old house is ever quite complete. It inhabits the north eastern bedroom, so the story goes, and has been heard at midnight on the death of the Old Year. No one has heard it in these latter years but the legend has been passed down by the various people who have lived in the house. Another rather interesting point is the fact that just across the road from Blairvocky is the birthplace of Sir Adolphe Routhier who wrote the French version of "O Canada" in eighteen hundred and eighty-two. The actual house is not standing but the place is well marked out by a bronze plaque for all to see.

The first people to inhabit Blairvocky after it was built were a habitant farmer and his family. However the place was soon taken over by English soldiers who had marched down from over the Ontario border in Upper Canada to quieten the uprisings of the farmers. The habitant and his family fled in terror of "Les Anglais" as they were termed. The soldiers moved on later after having made a miserable time for the farmers by demanding large quantities of food and drink from them for no pay whatsoever. They left behind them a sword and several fascinating pewter mugs which still remain. Then the house was abandoned for several years.

The next Blairvocky dwellers were an elderly couple — the De Guises who had come out from France to escape the heavy taxation. He could not pursue the strenuous job of farming such an enormous piece of land as two hundred and forty acres and so he rented it out in smaller pieces to French-Canadians. They paid him with money they had got from their crops. Monsieur De Guise led a rather retired life and his chief delight and hobby was a vegetable garden which he cultivated behind the house. The couple lived there until about eighteen hundred and seventy when he died suddenly. His wife, heart broken, could bear the place no longer and so she dismissed the tenants and sold the land as a whole.

The property was soon bought by a doctor, a bachelor who immediately fell in love with the surroundings. As the people in the district had no doctor for many miles he saw no reason why he should not set up his practice there. Therefore he moved out from Montreal, a rapidly growing town at that time, and soon settled down. He made friends

very easily and the inhabitants were glad to have someone with whom they could come and talk over their troubles, for the door of the house was always open and he entertained anyone. He would spend many a day driving around the countryside in his cart visiting one and all and attending to their ailments. He carried on like this for many years until by an unfortunate accident, he lost the sight of his eyes, and so he moved away into a village not many miles distant where he spent the rest of his days in comfort.

The next and last family that lived there, before the present owner bought the house, were some local inhabitants who farmed the land. There was a lot of work to be done around the place and they were always very busy. In winter there was ice cutting, followed by collecting maple syrup and seeding. In summer they harvested the crops and plowed in the autumn.

When the present owner bought the house the inside was remodelled but the huge beams in the ceiling and wide boards in the floor remain and the outside is almost untouched. A driveway was made from the road to the house. A lot of repairs had to be made for the house was run down as it had been left by the inhabitants, as they had not had the time to spare on fixing it up.

There are not many buildings of this type still in the Province of Quebec but even though the old house has seen many changes, it yet retains the charm of the last century. It is houses like this that provide many a story of today, for lots of novels base their stories on such as these.

SHEILA WHITE,
Middle V, Age 15.



THE WIND

The wind is very playful,
It plays with all the trees;
It blows across the meadow,
And whisks up all the leaves.

It blows about the dark clouds
And helps to make the rain,
It plays with all the papers
That are lying in the lane.

It's always blowing hats off,
Which makes the people shout.
It whistles around the clothes line
And knocks the clothes about.

It rattles at the windows
Which makes me very scared,
And whistles down the chimney
As though it never cared.

The wind is very useful too
It turns the wind-mills round,
It sends the sailboats up the lake
And hardly makes a sound.

PHOEBE REDPATH,
Lower III, Age 10.



FOLK DANCING by MARY HORNE

IMAGINATION

Imagination is a wonderful thing. With it we can change a rainy, dull day into a sunny one. Life takes on a brighter aspect.

In my opinion the power of imagination is one of the greatest forces in the world. The great works of Shakespeare, the beautiful music of the composers, the magnificent paintings of the great artists, the wonderful poems and ingenious inventions, like the telephone, have all been made by people with imagination who have not been satisfied to look at things as they are, but wished for something which is better.

Imagination can brighten one's life, as it did for John Bunyan, as he sat in prison writing one of the world's most inspiring stories. His active mind travelled beyond the narrow confines of his cell and created a wonderful story which is read by thousands of people to-day. In this story "Pilgrim's Progress", the hero is a pilgrim, and the author escaped from his dreary environment by imaginary travels with him.

In the book "The Little Princess", Sarah, losing her father, is forced to work for the boarding school where she lived. At first she was unhappy in her attic chamber, but by and by she imagined herself a little princess when she was alone at night. Often she saved scraps of her meal and imagined that she was eating a banquet in company with some duke or earl. She gave her food to the poor and in this way she was happy living in her own world of make-believe.

Many lonely children create imaginary companions for themselves and there is no doubt that they get great joy out of this make-believe.

On the other hand, some young children are afraid to be left alone in a dark room because they imagine that ghosts and goblins are peeping out at them from behind curtains and under beds, ready to pounce at them any minute.

Unimaginative people live so placidly without seeming to be worried by problems that sometimes one finds himself a little envious. Unimaginative people are very dependable in emergencies and are very self satisfied because they can see no way of improving their lives. Nevertheless, there are many more arguments for, than against imagination, and I think that it is one of God's greatest gifts.

ANN POWELL,
Upper V, Age 12.

WAR TO WAR ?

Unrest . . . Distrust . . .
What are men doing ? . . .
Ignorance . . . Fear . . .
Are we not brothers ? . . .
Threats . . . War ? . . .
Was it not over ? . . .
So we had thought when we heard the sirens,
How many years ago ? only four.
Are men tired of peace ?
Have they forgotten what men have died for ?
Did they not win freedom and peace
To last for many years to come ?
Maybe we are but sadly mistaken,
Radios talk of war soon to come
And plans of arming and for defence . . .
Fear . . . Distrust . . .
Oh, God, we pray you, give us courage,
Pilot us through these turbulent waters
And land us safely on the opposite shore.

ZOË SOUTHAM,
Upper V.



THE HERON

It was a beautiful evening in the country and I thought it would be nice to watch the birds at the swamp. I chose a fern-covered rock to sit on which would hide me from view. Skimming over the water were sandpipers. In the clear blue sky a flock of ducks flew past. Crows sat in trees, cawing. Then, suddenly I saw a heron. It rose gracefully out of the bushes and flew swiftly away. The sun, disappearing behind the mountains, cast a pinky glow on the white feathers of the heron. It was a lovely sight. I could hardly restrain myself from exclaiming.

SUSAN BLAYLOCK,
Lower III, Age 9.



HIDDEN INHABITANTS OF THE MOUNTAIN

Hutchison Essay
(First Prize) Middle School

It was early in the morning on St. Hilaire mountain. Down in the village all the people were asleep, oblivious of the fact that the animals on the mountain were awake and lively.

A small wren was singing a happy spring song. On a branch below, the hungry, gaping mouths of baby robins sought the worm their mother offered them.

The rabbits were hopping around in the grass eating greens, and looking nervously from side to side for any possible danger, noses twitching. Another guarded her young, playful children. An old rabbit came out of his hole and nervously twitched his sensitive nose.

A proud and cocky pheasant strutted in the grass, conceitedly showing off his bright colours. He gazed contemptuously up at the happy-go-lucky squirrels in the trees, their cheeks puffed with nut meat. How much finer was the life of the proud father pheasant than of those ridiculous little bushy-tails ! How much finer to live on the ground and strut in the grass, where, close by, reposed a mate and young in a grass nest ! How much finer — a fox appeared and he crouched in the long grass.

The fox however, was not searching for a meal of fresh pheasant. He carried in his mouth a newly-killed chicken, caught from a neighbouring farm, and was bent upon his mission.

Entering the woods, he came upon the carefully-hidden den of his mate. The dog fox dropped the chicken obediently in front of her ; she accepted it, but snarled warningly at him when he attempted to sniff one of her cubs. His mission completed, he trotted off to get some breakfast for himself.

Deeper in the forest, a single pair of bears lurked, apart. The male was alone, but two young cubs accompanied the mother. The happy little wren, now perched near them, saw the cubs follow their mother to a rotten tree lying on the ground, and follow her example of scraping out a pawful of fat, juicy grubs from underneath. After watching her cuff the biggest one for being greedy, he flew off.

The next thing he saw were three does, drinking with their fawns at a small stream. The youngsters, covered with white spots, played together, occasionally seeking the refuge of their mothers in a particularly rough game.

Having finished their drink, they parted and faded off into the woods. One fawn followed her mother to a carefully-hidden bed of leaves, where they rested. On a branch above, a squirrel cocked her head on one side, and fastened her curious gaze on the fawn.

The wren now flew out of the forest with a tidbit for his hungry youngsters back at their nest. On a high hill just outside the forest, hidden by a bush, only his sharp eyes could pierce the dark den where a mother wolf and her cubs lay. These were some of the wolves who had only lately been living on the mountain. They were noticed too, by the farmers who owned the chickens they killed : but this litter had not been seen, even though some of the grown wolves had been hunted and killed by those terrifying creatures, the humans. As the wren perched on the branch of the tree where his nest was, he saw a lively cub venture unsteadily out of the den — saw also, a motherly paw stopping him.

The wren dropped the worm into hungry mouths. Just then the dawn began to really come, and the humans would be getting up soon. The deer and bears were hidden, the wolf cubs asleep. Giving a happy chirp, the wren spread his wings and flew cheerfully away into the woods, where he was soon hidden from sight by the tall pines.

GRACE RICHARDSON,
Upper IV, Age 13.



MY PUP

I had a little pup, (I have not got him now.)
Who always got in trouble, although I don't know how !
He pulled the bed-clothes off the line,
Some were my cousin's, and some were mine,
He pulled the tea cloths off the table,
And ate the food whenever able !
He never seemed to do anything right,
He even yowled in the middle of the night !
Everyone know he really was bad,
But when he went, Oh ! weren't we all sad ?

DIANA DANIELS,
Lower III, Age 10.

MRS. ANGEL'S ACCOUNT OF THE D.P. CAMPS

The rough wooden huts stood in rows enclosed behind a barbed wire fence. Smoke filtered out from tin pipes in the roof or through the windows. A group of young people entered these grounds looking about them in bewilderment. This was a Displaced Persons' camp in Germany. The group moved on and into one of the huts. What first struck them was a strange, powerful odor, and intense heat. Blankets hung from the ceiling dividing the room into several smaller rooms. That smell was food cooking in every cubicle !

Behind those blankets were tiny rooms, a home for two families perhaps. Czechs, Poles, Ukrainians, Yugoslavs, people of divers nationalities lived here because they had no other home. Cramped, degraded and weakened by war, these human beings bore unbelievable hardships with patience. Worldly possessions had been taken from them, but what war itself had not taken away was their spirit, patience and willingness to share what they did have.

The group of young girls wandering about the camp was astonished and stunned. Here were people living like animals, yet with hope for the future. Each girl thought guiltily of her luxuries in Canada, clothes, books, entertainment and every day essentials. Their guide, Mrs. Angel, had showed them the camp, introduced them to families and now the tour was over. Her speech had been so telling, yet simple, that each felt transported to the camp, although still sitting in the assembly hall.

In an hour Mrs. Angel had made a deep impression on the mind of every girl in the school. Her speech will never be forgotten, and more important, the D.P.'s are not being forgotten, but parcels are being sent steadily to that camp.

SALLY McDOUGALL,
Form VI.



WINTER

The snow is white,
The birds are in flight,
That is the season that best I like.

The rabbit jumps,
Over bushes and stumps
And on a stone his foot he thumps.

The clouds are white,
The crows are in flight,
And only the snow is left for delight.

SYLVIA RANDALL,
Upper III, Aged 11.



SPORTS DAY
by
MARY ANNE CURRIE

PLANNING A GARDEN

Whenever the subject of our new garden comes up I retreat from the room. The idea of bending over, planting silly little seeds, mowing lawns, or spreading weed killer and generally getting myself hot and dirty on a summer day is obnoxious to me. Every day I am assured that others agree with me, and that the men in our world are the ones who enjoy planning gardens ! But actually the women do much more important planning and gardening. Their task is to bring up the next generation.

The young child is just as helpless as a seedling. Daily the mother meets new problems with her children. Her flower, when it blooms, must be just as beautiful as her neighbour's ! Nor can she follow simple directions written on the back of the package. She has directions, yes, but she still must make many decisions for her young bud. Nor does she lack soft rain and sunshine to help her in her task, and yet gales and harmful insects blow into her garden as they blow into all gardens. Besides the young plant, she has the garden itself, known to people as the house. Its furniture must be cleaned, its atmosphere bright and cheery, and then in the shade of the tall oak, her husband, the flowers grow somewhat protected from the rudest winds until they bloom. When the winter finally arrives, she wants to be able to look forward to another summer and back on a lovely garden.

Henceforth, when the planning of our garden is discussed, I listen although I contribute nothing, for fear I might be encouraged to spread some weed killer, or roll the lawn.

PRUDENCE LOBLEY,
Form VI

A DOG AND HIS BONE

There was a dog with a nice big bone,
And he was standing all alone
On the walk of a wooden bridge
That ran along by the water's edge.
Now as he looked in the water clear
He saw his own reflection appear.
"That dog has a bigger bone", he said,
"Which I would like to take to bed".
He dropped his own bone in the pond,
And dived for the bigger one beyond.
The bone that seemed a bigger size,
Disappeared to his surprise.
And so he found to his dismay
Both of the bones had gone astray.
Before going into water deep,
You ought to look before you leap.

FIONA BOGERT,
Lower IV, Age 13.

LOWER SCHOOL ROLL CALL

UPPER A — Miss Durston

| | | |
|-----------------|------------------|----------------------|
| Wendy Andrews | Carol Grimsgaard | Marguerite L'Anglais |
| Wilsie Baxter | Lesley Gray | Barbara Murray |
| Saundray Bogert | Audrey Hamilton | Wendy Stevenson |
| Jane Cushing | Jill Jenkins | Wendy Tidmarsh |
| Joy Davie | Maura Jackson | Jackie Vaughan |
| Gwyneth Evans | Denny Lande | |

LOWER A — Miss Payzant

| | | |
|-----------------|------------------|-----------------------|
| Anne Bruce | Terry Geddes | Diana MacKay |
| Adie Cassils | Betty Gray | Elsbeth McGreevy |
| Linda Coristine | Laurel Godwin | Tony Newman |
| Caroline Doyle | Cynthia Hutchins | Annabella Mary Square |
| Diana Fowler | Priscilla Kuhner | Ann Tweedy |

UPPER B — Miss Butler

| | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| Lyn Carter | Lucinda Lyman | Gael Quedrue |
| Sherrill Christmas | Susanne Meagher | Elizabeth Price |
| Diana Covert | Sally Meakins | Kate Reed |
| Gabrielle deKuyper | Jane Mitchell | Jennifer Trower |
| Mary Louson | Margaret MacInnes | Wendy Whitehead |
| | Lesley McMartin | |

LOWER B — Miss Murchison

| | | |
|-------------------|----------------|-----------------|
| Carol Andrews | Martha Higgins | Prudence Pike |
| Jean Cundill | Anne Johnston | Sally Porteous |
| Susan Dawes | Susan McArthur | Caroline Salter |
| Mary Joan Francis | Diana McLernon | Eleanor Tweedy |
| Elizabeth Harris | Dione Newman | Nancy Windsor |



MY DOLL

My dolly's name is Rosita,
She goes to bed at six.
She is in the hospital now.
She is having a new wig.

MARTHS HIGGINS,
Lower B, 6 years old.

MY BICYCLE

I have a two wheeled bicycle. I fell off my bicycle and bumped my
knee when I was a little girl.

ELEANOR TWEEDY,
Lower B, 6 years old.

THE DANCER

One, two, three, here I am.
I can dance.
Father has a red cap.

CAROLINE SALTER,
Lower B, 4 years old.

A SEASON

What is it now ?
Spring of course !
Didn't you know ?

KATIE REED,
Upper B, 7 years old.

HALLOWE'EN

You funny Jack O'Lantern,
Your smile is gay and bright,
I see you in the window
Smiling at the night.

DIANA FOWLER,
Lower A, 8 years old.

THE PUPPY

There was a little puppy,
He was very very lucky,
He found a great big bone,
And ate it all alone.

JOY DAVIE,
Upper A, 9 years old.

HAPPINESS

The sun was shining in the sky,
I watched the birds as they flew by,
The bees were humming in the air
And there was happiness everywhere.

At last I set off to play
Through the fields, among the hay,
Until my nurse called to me,
"Oh Wendy, let's go home for tea !"

WENDY TIDMARSH,
Upper A, 9 years old.

SAILING

My father and I went out to sail
On a Sunday morning,
Our main was hoisted up the mast,
A tiny flag adorning.

The wind was blowing ;
We laughed with glee ;
It's fun to go sailing
Just Daddy and me !

AUDREY HAMILTON,
Upper A, 8 years old.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Autumn leaves are now falling
Red and yellow and brown.
Autumn leaves are now falling
See them tumbling down.
Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la.

ELIZABETH PRICE,
Upper B, 7 years old.

NEWS FROM MISS ARTHUR

Poring over documents written two hundred years ago in handwriting far worse than the girls at the Study ever perpetrated, has driven me to using a typewriter more than ever. It's not that I expect that there will be anything in this letter memorable enough to warrant its being treasured for two centuries, but it would be a pity if any of you missed any of the words of wisdom; my communications in the past were generally entered in margins, and, if I remember correctly, they were not always easily understood. (By the way, if there were a red ribbon on this decrepit machine I'd certainly use it just to inspire you.)

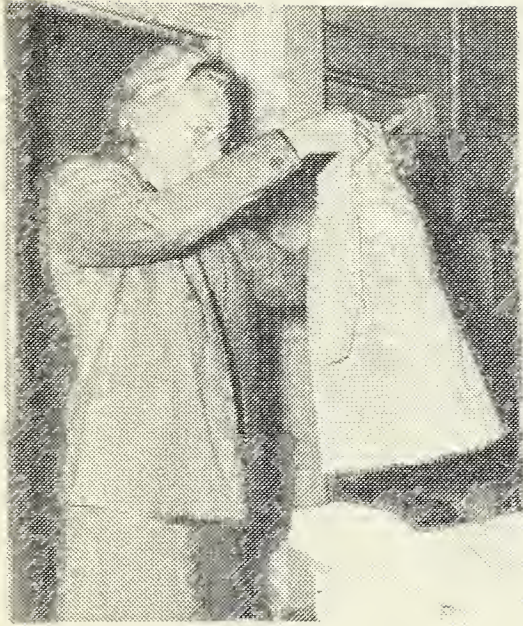
The football game last Saturday between Michigan and Oregon gave me a splendid opportunity to see free-born Americans being enthusiastic and patriotic at the same time. Probably no one else among the seventy-thousand spectators thought the performance of the band at half time was in the slightest degree amusing. It may be only my perverted sense of humour, but you should judge for yourselves. First, the band pretended that it was the Freedom Train, and sprawled all over the field puffing energetically, and playing — well, you guess. Then it re-arranged itself in the shape of an anvil and played the Anvil Chorus vigorously. (This symbolism may seem a bit far fetched; it did to the crowd, and an announcer explained that this was meant to represent freedom of enterprise: I wondered whether a hammer and sickle would not be very similar to an anvil, and whether the symbolism would be very different). Worn out by this activity, the band contented itself with forming the words Speech and Press while it played Yankee Doodle. Do you know any connection between that gentleman and his pony and these freedoms? I must confess that I don't; All I could think of was macaroni and the fact that the curled up lines of bandsmen resembled it strangely. Finally, the men formed a huge block in center field, which the announcer assured us was the church, complete with steeple, played "The Church in the Wild Wood", and the display entered its final phase; last of all, Old Hundred rolled sonorously forth. Oh yes, Michigan won, 14-0.

HALLOWE'EN

| | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| On Hallowe'en night, | And one of the host |
| What a colourful sight | Is always a ghost; |
| Are children in costumes displayed. | A witch on a broomstick rides by; |
| Tinkers and tailors, | To the houses they go, |
| Soldiers and sailors, | Their costumes to show, |
| And devils in scarlet arrayed. | While pumpkins are winking an eye. |

Then home to their beds
With dreams in their heads,
The tired but gay children go;
To father and mother
To sister and brother,
A bag full of treasures they'll show.

ANN POWELL,
Upper IV, Age 12.



I HAVE GONE BACK TO SCHOOL

Yes, indeed, I couldn't stay away. The pull, which I have resisted for ten years, has finally become too much for me and I am an inky school girl again. I hate the term but it is unfortunately all too true, due to the fact that my pen stolen from one of the less suspicious members of my family, has exhibited a tendency to leak that no amount of cotton and nail polish will stem.

According to psychiatrists, one's greatest absorbent period in the learning curve occurs from sixteen to twenty, then from twenty to twenty-five, a very gently rising plateau, and after that you might as well have fun. Well, having had a year of the latter, I decided to see how much the old brain had fossilised and enrolled for two months in an august establishment called "The Richmond School of Commerce". The two months before my leaving for Canada would be well used, I thought, in finding out whether this Stenography was as easy to assimilate as people say. One could also discover whether one was still any good at assimilating.

These two months have been most interesting to me, and have left me with more than the basic skills I had paid to learn. They have taken the mind back repeatedly to dead and gone school-days. There is the usual roll-call in the mornings, the fines for books left around, the keeping in for prolonged and loud chatting in class, the mistresses with the same harrassed but patient look about them, the green walls, the pigeon-holes, the lingerers around the mirror in the cloak-rooms, the exclamations over new clothes — oh, the nostalgia of it all. It is just the same.

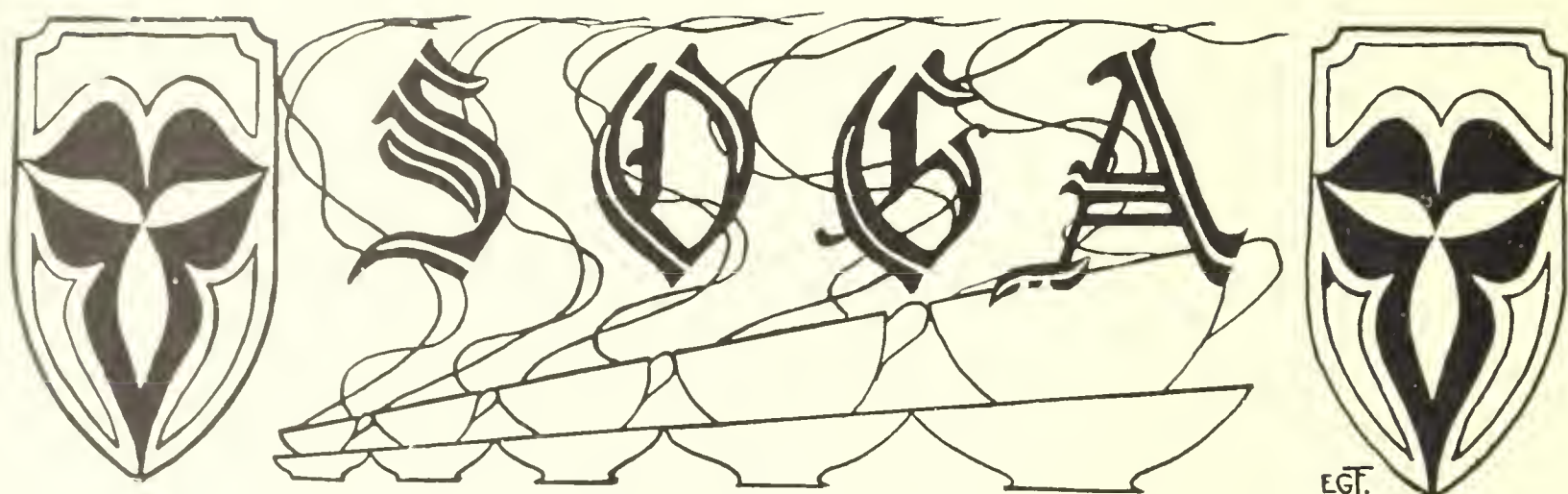
Unfortunately I am different. To begin with, the passage of time, while not impairing noticeably the intellect (ha ha ! psychiatry) has left me with a most disturbing sympathy for the staff. You will agree that in ordinary school this would never do. Then, too, as I am paying personally for the instruction, my attitude towards holidays is completely the reverse of what it used to be. And to make things more complicated I am looked upon as a curiosity by the other pupils, who seem to me very young — they are nearly all around fifteen or so — because they regard Canada and the United States as one and the same thing in the way of strange customs, and short of starting with Wolfe there is no way of persuading them that we are still quite British in our attitudes. Being the only piece of Canada around I have to represent 11,000,000 people and do them credit. But, have no fear, due to the limited time and money at my disposal the local impression of Canadians is that they are a very hard-working and reasonably intelligent crowd. I'm afraid I can't say as much for their punctuality. *That* has not improved with the years.

Most of my classmates are girls just out of school. But, besides myself and an old Oxonian who compares notes with me sometimes, there are a few other oddities. There are exactly three *men*, and exactly three romances. I was almost caught passing a note from one to another of the current twosomes yesterday. But not quite. At first I thought that there were only two mistresses. But a few days ago, on the "lower street floor", I caught a glimpse of a little blond person hurrying by with a parcel of books to be corrected and was informed that advanced pupils were promoted to her department in the basement. Such a change from being promoted *up* the building, as it used to be. All secretarial subjects are taught but most concentrate on the two basic ones, and spend about five terms becoming the perfect shorthand-typist.

There are one or two customs that caused me difficulties. To begin with one had to be recommended to the School. I was rather unwilling to tell the truth on this point, having been, in point of fact, sent there by the Richmond Police station, to whom my words had run "Where is the local typing school?", so I let them think I had been led there by faith. Then one is supposed to say "Three, please" or "thirty, please", as the case may be, when asked for the number of mistakes. Most illogical, when nobody is pleased, least of all, me. Then there is the pleading tone used when addressing mistresses. Did I ever speak like that? Did *we* ever beseech a mistress to refrain from marking one too hardly because one's mother was a difficult person, and one had rather inadvisedly told her one was doing so well in such a subject? That happened today. Did *we* ever land a pile of books on the head of her who took the very desk *we* wanted. Oh, dear, I seem to remember doing it myself, in what was then the upper fourth room, on the first floor. Perhaps we *were* like that.

So you see, in the last two months I have thought more about 1621 Seaforth than I have for many a year, and it has been most enjoyable to reflect that, given the chance, I could do much better at that illustrious institution than I did on the first try. First of all, I would do my prep. It makes such a difference, not only to the net amount of knowledge that finds its way to the brain, but to the general atmosphere. No more hiding and prevaricating and apologising. Then I would spend less time thinking up posers for the poor staff, and agree with them for once, instead of looking immediately for exceptions to the rules they gave us. All in all, I should certainly be a model pupil. Do you think they would have me back?

PRISCILLA LOBLEY.



S.O.G.A. NEWS

With the many and varied activities of the Study Old Girls, the round up of the members gets more difficult each spring. In an effort to keep everyone up to date we have the following news, though unfortunately we have not been able to get information about all our O.G.'s now nearly two hundred strong.

Under the heading of 'Education' we find many Study old girls at McGill. There are : Lorna Brown, Elizabeth Burgess, Martha Fisher, Patsy MacDermot, Jane McCarthy, Sylvia Ponder, Jocelyn Rutherford, Marigold Savage, Madeleine Stevens, Ann Armstrong, Pat Carson, Frances Hodge, Eleanor Lindsay, Pamela Smart, June Marler, Eve Marler, Elizabeth Marshall, Frances Currie, Cynthia Plant, Katherine Mason, Marjorie Root, Jane Ramsay, Elizabeth Parkin and Ann Bushell. Graduating from McGill this year in arts are : Pat Brophy, Mary Lee Fetherstonhaugh, Margot McDougall, Louise MacFarlane, Sheila Ramsay, Kathleen Root and Dorothy Walter. Graduating in science are : Mary Fisher, Marie Lyall, Nancy McGill, Martha Morgan and Mary Lee Putnam.

Shirley McCall is back from Mount Holyoke and is continuing her studies at McGill. Gwen Marler will graduate this spring from the School of Education at McGill.

On the Macdonald campus there are a few Study representatives. They are Joan Moffit, Joan Ashby, Sally Matthews, Joan Timmins and Barbara Tidmarsh.

Some girls have gone to the U.S. to college and are loving it ! Nancy Bignall and Mary Hugesson are at Wellesley : Minda Bronfman is writing her M.A. finals at Columbia : Charlotte Butler is at Radcliffe : Tinker Bell and Eve Osler are at Bryn Mawr, and Linda Hodgson is graduating from Smith College.

Many of our ex-Studyites are artistically inclined. They have spent the last year at the Art Gallery developing their talents. They are : Barbara Heward, Rosemary Grier, Belle MacLean, Louise Marler, Bryony Plant and Madeleine Parsons Roussil. Madeleine and Louise have been teaching the children and getting along wonderfully. Barbara Miller, who works at Mappin's doing window displays, attended evening classes at the gallery : we must congratulate her on winning a prize.

Unfortunately for us many of our Old Girls have left Montreal : we find them in nearly every part of Canada. Marion Savage Sanzon-Baker is in England : Margaret Gordon Barr in Germany ; Joan Nelson Oliver in France : Marjorie Nelson in Rio with the Canadian Embassy : Greta Morris in South America doing newspaper work. Mary Hanson spent last winter studying in Switzerland.

The Junior League claims many of the S.O.G.A. members. Ann Hyde Hodgson is secretary of the Junior Leagues of America : Barbara Whitley is the first vice-president of the League. Grace Shearwood Furse is the secretary of the Montreal League and Dorothy Blair is the honorary corresponding secretary. Betty Kemp Maxwell represented Montreal at the League's conference in Florida early this spring.

Betty Beveridge Lyman is doing a wonderful job with the puppet club. Elizabeth Hastings, one of last year's graduates, is working in the day nursery. Even the Red Cross could not do without at least two of our 'old girls' : Katherine MacKenzie and Daphne Montefiore are the representatives.

Barbara MacLean, Doone McMurtry and Roslyn Robertson are taking secretarial courses, preparing themselves for the business world. Jane Bourne is in the library at the head office of the Royal Bank of Canada, while Diana White is working in the MacDonald and Currie firm. Audrey MacDermot has a very interesting job illuminating with Miss Avis Fyshe. Joan Bronson is in the shopping service at Eaton's. Back at McGill we find that Sheila Beaton is secretary at Douglas Hall and Sheila Clarkson Flintoft has a job in the registrar's office.

Ina Grimaldi is nursing at the Queen Mary Military Hospital ; Doreen Stanford is nursing too, but practising at the Sherbrooke General. Di Davis is at the Neurological and Isobel McGill is in the Cancer Research department. Angela MacKenzie is also at the R.V.H. Nonie Cronyn, a physiotherapist, works at the Western and Barbara Kemp is in the outdoor division of the Montreal General.

Congratulations to Pat Carson for winning the Provincial Fencing Championship, and to Ann Bushell for her skiing successess this winter. We are not boasting about our Old Girls basketball team this year; sad to say the hard work of our team was of no avail.

We hope that the following girls have interesting and happy trips on the continent and in England this summer, Barbara Heward, Mary Hugessen, Martha Fisher, Eve Osler, Rosina McCarthy, Mary Lee Fetherstonhaugh, Margot McDougall, Marjorie Wiggs and Kathleen Root.

Welcome Sixth Form of nineteen-forty-nine to the S.O.G.A. Best of luck to you who are writing your matriculation exams !

ANN SHEMILT,
ROSEMARY GRIER.

ENGAGEMENTS

Sheila Beaton to Alexander Wright.
Cynthia Landry to John Churchill-Smith.
Isabel McGill to Peter Cameron.
Marjorie Wiggs to Keith Gould.
Dorothy Downes to Patrick Wickham.
Phyllis Bronfman to Jean Lambert.
Joan Wight to Robert Webb Lee.
Daphne Fairbairn-Smith to Howard Dixon.
Pamela Ponder to Eric Hyde.
Isobel Chapman to Ralph Whittall.

MARRIAGES

Adele Robertson to Barry Porteous.
Pauline Little to John Bates.
Elizabeth Dawes to Peter Yuile.
Patricia Hanson to John Kemp.
Sheila Clarkson to Christopher Flintoft.
Constance Pope to Douglas Johnston.
Joan Notman to Malcolm MacDougall.
Joan Mason to Donald Dougherty.
Helen MacLure to Daniel Gibson.
Elspeth Lindsay to Thor Robin.
Anne Morgan to Alfred Beck.
Emily Adams to Stewart Campbell.
Carole Campbell to Peter Laisenby.
Eleanor Leggett to John Cross.
Barbara Jellett to John Gardner.
Joan Nelson to Michael Oliver.
Madeleine Parsons to Robert Roussil.

BIRTHS

To Mr. & Mrs. Pat Ryan, (Francine Cole), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. Gordon Shemilt, (Ann Grafftey), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. James Armstrong, (Jacqueline Hale), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. Peter Kerrigan, (Claire Fisher), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. Bill Blair, (Mary Barnes), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. Peter Wang, (Mary Scott-Fry), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. Reginald Sanzen-Baker, (Marion Savage), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. Harvey Beardmore, (Frances Barnes), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. Robert Roussil, (Madeline Parsons), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. Archibald Hodgson, (Ann Hyde), a son.

